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STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Miscellany.

The Planter.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

Fifty-sixty-seventy (any given number of years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now, in these days of purity. Then, Lord Dundrehead was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Bribely was his secretary. The pains which the former took with his department were prodigious. It was his estate. He had the same care for it, as jealous of it, and farmed it out precisely in the same manner as a landlord does his acres. John Pitchfork was not, indeed, landlord of Thistle-down Farm; but General Gabbins, grown grey in the service (by walking daily from the Horse Guards to Bond Street), was appointed Judge;—and each daily rendered to the "noble Secretary," in the shape of rent, two-thirds of the supposed profits of his appointment. And as Lord Dundrehead mulcted the Governors and Judges, so did Mr. Bribely fleece the underlings;—and as the Governors and Judges paid for their dignities, so did they make the most of them. Imprisonment, flogging, flogging, favouring, delaying,—these were the methods of collecting the revenue; these, too, were the weapons with which their 'Arrogances' in black and scarlet, tamed down the spirit of their subjects, and widened the space between the colony and Great Britain.

The colonists, themselves, were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then meek, modest, humane, temperate, independent people and lovers of liberty;—on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidan and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mulattoes and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-breed; who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest; and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggary, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly-acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in—shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character;—perhaps, also, an intemperance of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, our humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship, "Vagor," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atto tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute, sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit. Considering that the writer had the range of footstep before him, and was transmitting news from the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least, lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:—

"To Richard Clinton, Esq. &c. &c. Middle Temple, London, England.

"Well, Dick,—Here am I, thy friend, John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ventured a guess that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England; but the unkenning of a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have

seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeira—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was like all voyages, detestable. I began with seasickness and piercing winds—I ended with head-ache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My month was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving state. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side; and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloe and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pineapples grow as wild as thistle, Dick; and where black brown, white, and white-brown people, sargare and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Myneer Schlachtenbruchen, merchant, in Demerara.' That respectable individual would did the death of shame, did he know that he held the great proprietor, Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protégé of Messrs. Grefluhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment.

"You shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time write to me at length. This letter is a preface merely to the innumerable number of good things which I design to scribble for your special instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a certificate of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever, your true friend.

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, parquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however; for the seaport of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrow for as price, and the aid of a dozen Samboes for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Myneer Schlachtenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was got at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arms length, this "shape" proceeded to decipher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Myneer Franz Grefluhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new-come (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnapp?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the

door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo, (another "nigritude," who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punchbowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dar, massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Myneer Schlachtenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Myneer Schlachtenbruchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague, (even the Myneer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed an acuteminded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior.

At last, the truth came upon him; She was the child of—quadrant! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there was a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of a European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!"—They little think that under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race. A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly. "I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

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came involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he did aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian, "deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground, for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man—Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation.—The old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread.—This is all sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property: perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) 'is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton!—Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is, essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr. Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Groves estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You!" exclaimed our hero, "Are you the person whom Vivian interposes? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour—my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachtenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara,—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Groves estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious-looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person;—and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily, "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Myneer," said he, addressing the merchant once more.—"I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This gentleman may scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means—by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk

of that, presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your latter contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and—"

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"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that, all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Myneer here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek."

"Ha!" said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows!" added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses your service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves—

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"—Whom your master loves, woe, and whom I—[heaven is propitious to the say, this doubtfully and humbly] he will win—For this atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men; seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"He is here!" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries.—"He is here; he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I am Vivian—your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant;—and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. What is this? inquired the merchant; "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But—Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves, (which from this moment is all your own) you take an inheritance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

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"I am," she replied. "But—Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves, (which from this moment is all your own) you take an inheritance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, MAY 5, 1855.

Reader, Reflect on this.

If you are wealthy and care nothing for any but yourself and yours, what are you about to say will not be interesting to you. If you are wealthy and do care for the welfare of others, it will point out to you a means of doing good with a portion of your wealth, without diminishing it. If you are in ordinary circumstances, or if you are dependent on your labor for means of subsistence, it will interest you deeply.

As society is now organized, in the old settlements of the country, those who are poor must remain poor, with the exception of those who are naturally gifted with the money-making capacity of mind, and have no other prominent ideas or passions, to take precedence and lead them from that pursuit. And those, among the moneyless classes, who accumulate wealth by the constant employment of their minds and energies in that direction, must necessarily have their whole souls absorbed in it, be incapable of enjoying any thing of a more exalted nature, have all their social feelings and affections blunted and palsied, gradually lose all sense of philanthropy, benevolence and justice, and become the pure-keepers, right-keepers and bond slaves of cold, calculating and grasping Avarice. And a life thus commenced—speaking in general terms—must thus progress and thus end; for there is much more hope of redemption from any other vice to which peccable humanity is prone, than from that of all-grasping and all-absorbing avarice. All general laws admit of some exceptions; but the exceptions from the general operation of this law of avarice, are few indeed.

Of all the lives that man lives in this world, if we except lives of continual debauchery and crime, the life of a man whose soul is totally absorbed by avarice, is the most slavish and demoralizing, and the most debasing to the intellect and spirit. The avaricious man may occasionally feel a gleam of hope that, when his accumulations swell to an amount which his mind has fixed as a limit, he shall cease his accumulating efforts and live the life of a happy nabob, which is the heaven-on-earth of his soul's highest aspirations. But his experience proves these hopes illusive constantly, for he finds his fixed limit unfixed and ascending higher and higher, as he approaches it. The man who, at the commencement of his career of accumulation, could take an oath that he would be forever satisfied with an estate of twenty thousand dollars, will feel more avaricious and grasping than ever, when his inventory amounts to twenty millions. And how does he enjoy himself? Death, to him, is truly "the King of terrors." He cannot bear to think of it. He has thus far had no comfort in this world, and has laid up no treasure that he can take with him to the next state of existence. He almost curses God for not making the earth eternal, and only hopes that the end of this life will be the end of his existence. Thus it is—thus it ever has been—thus it ever will be with every worshipper of mammon. Then, man of mind—man of reflection—why enter into the scramble for wealth? The promise of enjoyment which it holds out, is a false promise. It never was realized—it never will be realized. Then take the better way.

Our country is broad, fertile and free. We say free, without any allusion to its institutions. The soil is free, comparatively speaking. Any company of twenty or more families can muster, within their own means, enough to provide themselves a sufficient area of soil to afford them means of subsistence for life, with ordinary industry and economy. Why should not those who now sell their labor to capitalists, club their means and go to those lands and be comfortable and happy? Home is anywhere and everywhere, where the greatest amount of happiness can be enjoyed. Any man who possesses the qualities of a good citizen, can select, from among the whole number with whom he is acquainted, a sufficient number of families whom he would be pleased to have as neighbors and friends, to form a community of which he would delight to be a member. A nucleus of three families, who will cast aside all prejudices and choose according to the dictates of judgment, can select and organize an emigrating community of twenty families, in whom will be found all the elements of social happiness, and who will unite their means and energies for the purpose of removing and settling where their external circumstances will be improved ten fold; where the grasping hand of stateless avarice would not usurp upon the fruits of their toil; where a common religious sentiment, which they should be careful to take with them, could be enjoyed without molestation; and where intellectual culture and spiritual elevation would take precedence and hold sovereignty over mere animal and sensual passions and propensities.

Such a community would be a nursery of mind. It would be a garden in which souls would germinate, grow up to maturity and ripen for the next state of existence, without being spotted with the leprosy of false theories or warped, stunted and dwarfed by the imbibement of liberal principles, by examples of bad morals, or by the richness of absurd philosophies. Such a community, away from selfishness, apart from palpable error and flagrant wrong, with social harmony and brotherly love prevailing, would be a terrestrial paradise—a heaven on earth. In such a community, where no one would covet that which belonged to his neighbor, nor be envious of his enjoy-

ments, labor would be delightful; rest would be grateful and refreshing; life would be joyous and happy. All this, with the exercise of energy and self cultivation, is within the reach of those who are now toiling away their lives in physical and intellectual poverty and wretchedness, heaping up wealth in the coffers to their oppressors, who are heaping up misery for themselves in time to come.

One man of wealth, whose soul is not encased in the hardened steel of avarice, might lead fifty families to such a condition of happiness, without prejudice to himself, and feast upon their gratitude and love, and enjoy the approbation of his own conscience, for the whole remainder of life, and find himself a thousand fold richer, in the life to come, than if he had devoted the remnant of his days to the augmentation of his useless hoard.

A Visitor.

On Monday last, we received a visit from one who did not ask money of us; but who did, very modestly, ask for a notice of his claim upon the sympathies of the humane and philanthropic. The visitor with which his mother, Nature, had clothed him, was of the African dye, and his hair was crisp. Otherwise, he seemed very much like other men; though not like most of those who look scornfully upon their human brethren on account of those two physical characteristics; for he, manifestly, had a soul of goodly dimensions and superior qualities. His facial indicia and phenological organization, as far as in we are capable of judging, betokened native intellect of no inferior order; and his deportment, told us of humility, candor and moral integrity. There was no negro in his conversation. A blind man would have had no suspicion that his skin was of the sable hue, or that he had ever been the chattel property of a slave-holder.

He produced, from his pocket-book, his manuscript papers, showing that his master, who was ELIAZER WOODS, of Dyre County, Tennessee, had set him free, in the manner prescribed by law, for the consideration of \$750, to him in hand paid; by his said slave, whose name is ELIAZER WOODS—the latter being derived from his master. These manuscript documents were executed with all the formalities, signatures of Judges and Clerks of Courts and seals of counties, made necessary by the statute in such case made and provided. We particularly observed one provision clause of the instrument conveying to ELIAZER the fee-simple of his own body and soul. This was a condition that he should, forever thereafter, stay outside of the geographical boundaries of his native State, on pain of being re-enslaved into life-long servitude.

ELIAZER has seven children, in slavery, whose mother, by the aid of him who rides the pale horse, was emancipated some time since. There is no clause in the law by which she was set free, requiring her to stay outside of Tennessee, on pain of re-enslavement. She, therefore, can visit her seven children in bondage, as often as natural tenderness prompts her to do so, which we doubt not is of very frequent occurrence. ELIAZER, on the contrary, must never see his children again, unless he can procure their emancipation. Having a kindly disposition; an affectionate nature; a fatherly, sympathetic heart; ELIAZER yearns for the freedom of his offspring. He is fit to be their counselor and moral guide. He is now traveling through the country, asking the aid of those who can sympathize with him, to enable him to purchase the enfranchisement of his family. The price demanded is four thousand dollars for the whole.

ELIAZER showed us a letter from B. F. HORMAN, Esq., of Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, who was his attorney and counselor, in the procurement of his discharge from slavery. This letter speaks of him in high terms of commendation, as do other letters which he carries. But his principal recommendations are those which he carries on his brow and in his manly deportment. We do most heartily wish ELIAZER success in his search for humanized minds and feeling souls; but, beyond this, we are powerless to aid him.

If any of our exchanges will have the goodness to copy this article, or to notice his case in any other way, their reward will be sure, though it come not in the shape of dollars.

From the French of the *Etats Unis* translated for the Rochester Union.

A Riddle of the Past.

We learn from a Madrid paper, that in the Province of Logrona, from the *Torre de la Camera* and *Pena de la Mel*, near the high road from Madrid to France, they have just discovered, at the depth of seventy feet below the surface, a vaulted gallery, seven feet broad; the floor and roof are ornamented with countless stalactites and stalagmites, united in many places into pillars. Seen by torchlight, this gallery, the work of human hands ornamented by those of nature—resembles a fairy palace.

After traversing this corridor, which may be about 150 or 160 feet in length, you arrive at a circular area of 1500 superficial feet; in this the roof is too lofty for the eye to distinguish its form. In the centre of this vast hall are the remains of an enormous funeral pile; around are heaps of wood, some rotten, others reduced to mere dust. Farther off were piles of human bones, some calcined, some in their natural state. In the floor are several openings, having circular stairs of cut stone which prevented their depth being ascertained.

It was impossible at the time to push the search farther, as the difficulty of respiration increased every moment, but it is to be continued with the greatest care. There is much excitement among the curious, who are lost in conjectures as to the uses of this mysterious and funeral cavern.

"Confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."

It will be remembered by those who took note of the spiritual discussion at Cleveland, or who have since read the proceedings as published, that Mr. STERLING, on the part of the affirmative, in attempting to refute the position of Pro. MAHAN, that spiritualism was productive of no practical benefit to man in the flesh, alluded to the alleged fact that the spirit of ROBERT RANTOUL, JR., had given a communication, through a lady medium, of the name of Mrs. KENISON, informing Mr. GEORGE WHITE, who was the acting commissioner of his estate, of the whereabouts of certain important papers, for which they—RANTOUL and WHITE—had searched with much diligence, but without success, in the lifetime of the former. These papers, as was alleged by the communicating spirit, contained evidences of claims which would advantage his estate to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and be beneficial to his heirs and creditors. Mr. S. affirmed that this information turned out to be correct; that the papers were found by WHITE, in pursuing the directions of the spirit; that they contained the important evidence affirmed of them; and that the estate was benefited to a large amount by their discovery.

Hereupon a Mr. GEORGE BRADBURN, who was sometime an orthodox clergyman, and was still imbued with the spirit, denied the truth of Mr. STERLING's allegation, and volunteered to "try the spirit," by writing for information on the subject, to Mr. WHITE, the said commissioner, who, if any one knew the facts, must be the most reliable witness. He accordingly wrote to Mr. WHITE, who was attorney and trustee for the RANTOUL estate, in forming him of the statement made by Mr. STERLING, and desiring him to give him the facts of the case. Soon a response was received from Mr. WHITE, denying, in toto, that any such aid had been received through spiritual communications, and affirming that the whole was a wicked and ridiculous fraud and falsehood.

Hereupon Mr. BRADBURN came out in the *Cleveland Herald*, with great exultation, giving the correspondence entire and demolishing what Pro. MAHAN was supposed to have left of spiritualism. Spiritualism, however, is not inclined to stay demolished. Like truth as it is, though crushed to earth, it will rise again, and claim the eternal years of God as its own. Mr. STERLING and his friends, thought it might be as necessary to try the witnesses as Mr. BRADBURN supposed it was to try the spirits. And the following correspondence, which a friend in Cleveland sends us, as published in the *Cleveland papers*, and by which Mr. WHITE is placed in a most unenviable position, has been elicited. Let the duplicity—the falsehood—the villany, in this case, fall where it belongs. If on Mr. WHITE, he deserves all the odium. If on any one else, let him be exonerated.

The following, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, from the *Cleveland Herald* of the 10th inst., fully explains itself. The communication referred to was written by GEO. BRADBURN, Esq., but was not intended, we presume, to impair the confidence of the public in the well known integrity of Mr. STERLING. He might have been misinformed—but from the statements now made, it appears that his judgment was as reliable as his information was truthful.

The Rantoul Case—Spiritual Discussion—George White—Trying the Witnesses, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—It no doubt will be recollected by your readers, that soon after the close of the Spiritual Discussion—a correspondent of yours, suggested the propriety of "trying the Witnesses"—as well as the Spirits—and referred particularly to some facts stated by me relative to the settlement of the estate of the late Robt. Rantoul, Jr.

He produced two witnesses to disprove my statement—one the father of said Rantoul, who said that he had nothing to do with the estate and had no knowledge of the facts referred to. The other was a Mr. George White—one of the Commissioners of the estate—who ignored the whole subject, and declared the "story absurd."

Following the example and advice of your correspondent—I have taken the liberty of "trying his witness" White—and also have attempted to prove the perfect truthfulness of the lady who was my informant, and the reality of the facts themselves; with what success, your readers must judge. The statement would have been furnished long ere this, but for the sickness and absence of Mrs. Kenison. I have received several quite lengthy and very interesting letters from Mrs. K., detailing many other equally remarkable facts, relative to that estate, coming from the spirit of R. Rantoul, Jr. She states also—and that other witnesses can testify to the same fact—that Mr. White declared that he and Mr. Rantoul, in his lifetime, spent a whole day in search for the papers referred to, but could not find them, and gave them up as lost, and that Mr. W. followed the directions given through her, a large amount of property would have been saved the estate, which now has been lost.

In conclusion, let me ask the candid reader, upon what possible theory, save the spiritual, can these facts be accounted for—for Mrs. K. states explicitly that she is not a clairvoyant—was not acquainted with Mr. R. in his life time, and has no knowledge of his affairs whatever, save as written through her hand. To deny the testimony, is absurd, as various other witnesses can be procured to the same facts.

And facts of the same kind, and more remarkable ones, are constantly occurring all over the land. I hope at least, that the holy dread "of sad injury to spiritualism through the detection and exposure of one false witness," so piously expressed by your corespondent, may be now allayed, especially as we read in the life

of Swedenborg of a similar fact being brought to light, through his mediumship.

But to the testimony—

Yours for the truth,
J. M. STERLING.

QUINCY, March 29th, 1855.
Mr. STERLING:—In answer to your inquiries, I will state that I am not a clairvoyant but receive communication by impression, and by the mechanical movement of my hand to write. I was never acquainted with Mr. Rantoul in life, and had no knowledge respecting his business, or Mr. White's connection with the same until it was communicated to me, in the manner stated in the accompanying certificate of the circle.

I recollect meeting you in the cars between Lynn and Boston, last spring, and making statement to you respecting the matter testified to by the circle; also respecting another occasion in which I had been desired by the spirit of R. Rantoul, Jr., to see the Commissioners of his estate—that he might communicate to them additional information of value to this estate, on which errand I had that day been to Salem.

The whole matter is one of no personal interest to myself. It came to me unsought and unexpected, and has caused me much trouble, expense and suffering. I have only acted from a sense of imperative duty, under what I believe to be an impulse from the spirit of R. Rantoul, Jr., whose desire, in pressing this matter, appears to be that justice may be done his creditors and his family.

He had expressed a desire, if the communications were heeded, and the estate justly settled, that a portion of the property might go in aid of spiritualism, since light in regard to the same had been given from that source.

Respectfully Yours,
A. J. KESTON.

STATEMENT.

The undersigned, residents of Quincy, Mass., state that they were present at a circle met for spiritual communications, some time in February, 1854, at which an intelligence claiming to be the spirit of Robert Rantoul, Jr., (with whom none of us had ever been acquainted while in life) manifested himself through Mrs. A. J. Kenison, who was an impressive and writing medium, and requested that Mr. George White, a counsellor at law, residing in this village, but doing business at Boston, might be invited to meet with us on a specified evening, in order that he (the spirit) might communicate to him concerning some valuable papers which required immediate attention. Mr. White met with us, according to request, when, in the course of a conversation which ensued with what purported to be the spirit of Mr. Rantoul, it was stated to him (Mr. White) that certain papers might be found in a particular place, in a tin box, with a variety of other particulars.

Mr. White subsequently stated, in the presence of all of us, that he had acted on the information received, and very much to his surprise, had found the papers precisely as directed. He furthermore gave us to understand that the papers represented property to the amount of \$15,000, and that the discovery of them had saved the estate of Mr. Rantoul twice that amount.

We furthermore state that neither of us had, at the time Mr. White was invited to meet with us, any knowledge respecting Mr. Rantoul's business, nor were we aware that Mr. W. was in any way connected in the settlement of his estate. The matter came up unexpectedly to us, and we are fully convinced that Mrs. Kenison, the medium, has acted truthfully in the whole matter. We profess to know nothing concerning the recovery of the papers, or their value, except what Mr. White stated to us at the time. Much more was communicated in our presence to Mr. White, relating to various matters connected with the estate of Mr. Rantoul, which Mr. White admitted that he found correct and of use to him.

(Signed)
Josiah Adams C. P. Tirrel.
Sarah B. Adams Jerusha Tirrel.
Quincy Tirrel Anna W. Tirrel.

Quincy, March 29, 1855.

The undersigned is acquainted with all of the signers of the above statement, and knows them to be persons of unquestioned truthfulness and veracity.

(Signed)
JOSHUA BRIGHAM.

President of the Quincy Stone Bank.

Quincy, Mass. March 29, 1855.

This certifies that we have been long acquainted with Mr. Charles P. Tirrel, of this town, and believe him to be a man of unimpeachable veracity, in whose statements the most implicit reliance may be placed.

(Signed)
B. B. Newcomb,
Jacob F. Eaton,
Geo. March,
Selectman of Quincy.

JOSHUA BRIGHAM.

President of the Quincy Stone Bank.

Geo. L. Gill, Clerk of the Town of Quincy.

There is to be a great gathering of the friends of Temperance at Boston on the 8th May, the main object of which is to make the enforcement of the new Massachusetts prohibitory law an easy matter. Gov. Gardner is to preside on the occasion, and a strong delegation from New-York and other States will participate.

If thou wishest for night-fall to have for thee the brilliancy of the most beautiful day, illumine this life with the torch of good actions; it will precede thee in the other.

ENCOURAGING.—The *London Times* speaks of the United States as "one of the first nations of the world."

Red Jacket's rejection of Christianity.

Red Jacket, the head chief of the Seneca nation, was justly famed for his address as a diplomatist, as well as for his powers as an orator. His wisdom was equal to his eloquence in council; and no ulterior design of the paleface could be so concealed by sophistry and blandishments as to escape the detection of his keen scrutiny. He was as tenacious of the religion of his ancestry as he was of the ample heritage of hunting grounds which his nation possessed. Much observation had taught him that the much boasted religion of the whites had failed to make them charitable, kind, loving or even just to each other. He had observed that they practised all kinds of deception and fraud, not only towards the red men, but towards each other; and he could not believe a religious faith could be good or true, the fruits of which were so bitter and unsavory. Hence his very courteous, though prompt dismissal of the Rev. Mr. ALEXANDER, a missionary sent to him from a religious society in the city of New York. His speech, on this occasion, was delivered in May, 1811, in a council convened for the purpose, at Buffalo Creek. We copy the speech from "THATCHER'S Indian Biography."

"Brother!—The Orator began, with a complaisance which never, under any excitement, deserted him. 'Brother!—We listened to the talk you delivered us from the Council of Black-Claws,* in New-York. We have fully considered your talk, and the offers you have made us. We now return our answer, which we wish you also to understand. In making up our minds, we have looked back to remember what has been done in our days, and what our fathers have told us was done in old times.

"Brother!—Great numbers of black-claws have been among the Indians. With sweet voices and smiling faces, they offered to teach them the religion of the white people. Our brethren in the East listened to them. They turned from the religion of their fathers, and took up the religion of the white people. What good has it done? Are they more friendly one to another than we are? No, Brother! They are a divided people;—we are united. They quarrel about religion;—we live in love and friendship. Besides, they drink strong waters. And they have learned how to cheat, and how to practise all the other vices of the white people, without imitating their virtues. Brother!—If you wish us well, keep away; do not disturb us.

"Brother!—We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white people do, but, we believe that the forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit. It is the homage of sincere hearts that pleases him, and we worship him in that manner.

"According to your religion, we must believe in a Father and Son, or we shall not be happy hereafter. We have always believed in a Father, and we worship him as our old men taught us. Your book says that the Son was sent on earth by the Father. Did all the people who saw the Son believe him? No! they did not. And if you have read the book, the consequence must be known to you.

"Brother!—You wish us to change our religion for yours. We like our religion, and do not want another. Our friends here, [pointing to Mr. Granger, the Indian Agent, and two other whites,] do us great good; they counsel us in trouble; they teach us how to be comfortable at all times. Our friends the Quakers do more. They give us ploughs, and teach us how to use them. They tell us we are accountable beings. But they do not tell us we must change our religion.—We are satisfied with what they do, and with what they say.

"Brother!—For these reasons we cannot receive your offers. We have other things to do, and beg you to make your mind easy, without troubling us, lest our heads should be too much loaded, and by and by burst."

*His usual designation of Clergymen.
*An Indian Interpreter, and an Agent of the Society of Friends for improving the condition of the Indians.

Adam's Fall Refuted by Earth's Rocky Records.

We find on our desk a pamphlet written by ORIN ABBOTT with the above title. In running our eyes over the work we find that the author has used the animal remains in sedimentary rock to show that death reigned over the animal kingdom before man was made, and consequently that man being made under that law, was doomed to die by the law of his nature, whether he ate the apple or not. And that death was not a punishment for Adam's sin, but a wise provision of nature, to relieve the immortal spirit from the cumbersome house of clay; therefore that death is a blessing, not a curse to the human family. The rocks are his premises, and his conclusions are correspondingly stubborn. They sweep away the fall of man and the distinctive features of popular theology. And we see to say for theologians to evade the decisive force of the arguments.

The author also labors to show that Noah's flood had no existence—that the biblical history of the deluge clashes with nature's laws; and that Brahmin astronomical, and Egyptian hieroglyphical records, made before Noah was born, have come down to us, leaving ample testimony that the people of those countries remained unharmed through the period of Noah's deluge. Likewise he shows that the bottom lands of the river Nile, constitute an irrefutable argument against the existence of such a flood, and also that every boulder or pebble with loose earth beneath it is an unimpeachable witness that no such flood has disturbed its quiet repose since a differently operating cause laid it in its present earthy bed, anterior to the existence of man. The arguments are logically drawn, and well essentially

aid the enquiring mind in its search for truth. We see, by a notice on the cover, that HAWKS at the Postoffice, has it for sale.

Our principles are the springs of our actions, our actions the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care, therefore, cannot be employed in forming our principles.

A MONEY FREE.—Eugene Cassery claims from the city of San Francisco \$15,000 as a fee for professional services.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

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super, do.	"	9.00@9.50
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Indian meal,	"	2.00
Pork, new,	\$17.50	old, " \$18
" prime,	"	15.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt.	"	\$5.00
Fish, white,	"	8.25
" salt,	hlf "	4.75
" coarse,	"	2.00
" trout,	"	2.25
" hlf "	"	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	16 @ 17
Butter,	per lb.	25 @ 27
Honey,	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Cheese,	"	10 @ 12 1/2
Blackberries, dried,	"	15
Plums,	"	18 1/2
Cherries,	"	18 1/2 @ 25
Currants,	"	6 1/2
Corn,	per bush.	35 @ 40
Flax seed,	"	1.00 @ 1.25
Clover,	"	6.50 @ 6.00
T. moly,	"	3.50 @ 4.00
Oats,	"	50 @ 50
Apples, dried,	"	1.38
" green,	"	50 @ 75
Potatoes,	"	87 @ 1.00
Onions,	"	75 @ 87
Dressed Chickens per lb	"	15c
" Turkeys	"	15c

SPIRITUALISM.

OR, A DISCUSSION ON THE CAUSE AND EFFECT OF THE PHENOMENA, ATTRIBUTED TO THE SPIRITS OF DEPARTED HUMAN BEINGS, BY PRES. A. M. SPRAY, OF OBERLIN, AND PROF. REYNOLDS, OF PHILADELPHIA, AND J. T. HAWKS, OF CLEVELAND, FEB. 20, 1855. Price 25 cents. For sale by T. S. HAWKS, Post Office bldg. dig.

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N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

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The Age of Progress.

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Doings at Brooks' Spirit Room.

We omitted making any report, in our last number, because there had been nothing done but what we had previously witnessed and narrated.

Our friend, E. V. WILSON, of Toronto, C. W., authorized us by letter, to ask permission of Mr. Brooks to visit his house, and bring with him his lady and some other friends, whom he named. Mr. B. referred the application to the spirits who preside at the circle in which we receive the lectures which we publish; and they turned us over to "FANNY," the master musician and principal of physical manifestations. We were informed that FANNY was not present, but that a messenger was dispatched for him, and that he would soon be there. And soon thereafter we were informed, through the raps, that he was present. We then made known to him the request of Mr. WILSON, and he kindly consented to receive him and his friends, and promised to entertain them as well as conditions would permit; appointing Saturday last for the company to meet.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. W. and lady arrived, and, in the evening, went to the spirit room. The other persons who were to come from Toronto, failing to arrive, others were admitted to make up the number. Here we were taught a lesson that some of us, at least, did not know before. Although the number was made up to what was expected, FANNY found much difficulty in manifesting. He played on the piano very imperfectly; and it seemed that the entertainment was likely to prove a failure. We were now told, by the raps, to bring in the light and rest fifteen minutes.

The reason given for this was, that, as the same persons whom the spirits expected, did not come, they found it necessary to re-arrange their batteries to suit those who were admitted as substitutes. Hence it became evident that, when manifesting spirits are apprized of the company whom they are to entertain, they seek them all out, wherever they may be, and ascertain the electrical condition of their several physical and mental systems, that they may be enabled to calculate accurately, and balance their electrical forces in the arrangement of their spiritual batteries. By this we can see how necessary it is for those who seek those entertainments, to deal fairly with the spirits, and how improper it is for those not expected to attend, to thrust themselves in unbidden.—There are some who are so nicely balanced between the positive and negative temperaments, that their presence or absence makes no difference to the spiritual forces employed; but they are very few.

At the end of the fifteen minutes, we were called to order by the raps. Singing was called for; and the piano was played with much seeming ease and with no little artistic skill. To this was added ringing of the hand bell, playing the tambourine, cannonading and thunder.

Sometime during the evening, Mr. WILSON, who is an uncommonly impressive medium, was entranced, and a vision was presented to him, in three parts, which he described as it passed before his interior vision. We do not retain more than one part of this vision, nor this very perfectly. For an obvious reason, however, we will tell it as well as we can recollect it:

I see, said he, two armies encountering in deadly strife. I see the field strewn with thousands of dead and dying. I see something that appears like a terrible explosion, in which cannon, small arms, men and fragments of men, in all conditions of mutilation, together with masses of stone and earth, all ascending, whirling and tumbling in the air, and descending to the earth again. I now see a large black-board, on which there is inscribed, in large characters: "The 14th and 15th of April."

On the following evening, which was that of Sunday last, I went to the house of friend Brooks, to get a lecture which was promised, and which I found ready for me. I also found friend WILSON and lady there, and one of his Toronto friends who failed to reach this city early enough to attend the circle on Saturday evening. This was Mr. Sisson, of Toronto.—We sat round the table for communications; but the spirits soon gave us to understand that we were to receive the second part of the previous evening's entertainment. The piano was then prepared; singing was called for, and FANNY was on hand and commenced performing with much energy. The conditions were evidently better than they were the night previous.

After playing a number of pieces, Mr. WILSON was impressed to leave his chair and go within a few feet of the piano and sit down upon the floor. He enquired of the presiding spirit if he had impressed him to do so; to which he readily responded in the affirmative. He obeyed; and soon the operator commenced giving us one of the most terrible battles that we have ever heard represented in any way. It appeared that the presence of Mr. W., in the position indicated by the spirit, increased his power to a great extent; and it seemed almost impossible that such awful explosions could be produced on a piano. As the battle raged fiercer and fiercer, Mr. W., who was entranced for the purpose, gave us a description, like one looking on from a neighboring eminence, of every thing which took place. It was the opinion of the company that this was the battle which was intended to be recorded on the black-board, which Mr.

W. saw the previous evening. It may be, however, that this was a fancy piece, gotten up for our entertainment on the occasion.

When this terrific scene was concluded, FANNY shut up the piano, which he always does in token that the musical part of the entertainment is concluded. Mr. WILSON, who, besides being a very impressive medium, as we have before remarked, is one of the best speaking mediums we ever heard, and the best pen-
nating medium we ever saw. He was kept in the trance state, till four or five different spirits spoke through him. And when one communicating spirit gave way for another, there seemed to be no painful operation upon the medium, as is the case with many media, in such cases. A change of voice was all the evidence we should have had of a change of speakers, if they had not announced themselves by the raps; as they did in each case.

The first speaker was the spirit of the great NAROKOV. His whole theme was the war raging in Europe. He still clung to his former prediction that another crowned head would fall before the end of the present year. He farther said: "You need not expect the fall of Sebastopol. You need not expect peace to grow out of the Vienna conference. You need not expect ALEXANDER to relax any of the rigid features of his father's policy. You need not expect Prussia to join the western powers against Russia. You need not expect that Austria will act in good faith towards the western powers. You need not expect aid to the combined powers from the smaller German states; for they will soon be convulsed by a general revolution among themselves." He remarked upon the position of Hungary; the purport of which we cannot recollect. But we do remember that he followed up his predictions till he got the United States involved in the general melee of nations, and went on till he brought America out, sure enough. "The Queen of the world and the Child of the skies."

When NAROKOV had finished, Professor DARTON took possession of the medium's vocal organs, and spoke very eloquently of the lectures which we had received from Mr. LEVITT. He commended the ability of the lecturer, but dissented from some of his positions. He thought he had a wrong idea of the utility of prayer; set too low a value upon the truths of the bible, and did not give sufficient credit for the good which had resulted to the world from the introduction of christianity. He said: Among the multitude of errors which might be found in the canonized books, there were a great many sparkling and valuable gems of truth, which must not be rejected and thrown away because of being found in bad company. We do not pretend to give his language, as we had no means of preserving it. His ideas are all that we have retained, and not half of them.

After this, Miss BROOKS was entranced and taken possession of by the spirit of TUCUMSE, the great Indian warrior, who spoke through her in his native tongue; and, at the same time, the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH spoke through Mr. WILSON, and interpreted for TUCUMSE. This was rather a novel feature in our spiritual intercourse.

At the conclusion of TUCUMSE's speech, Miss BROOKS was restored to the normal state, but Mr. W. was continued on duty, till he had made several very interesting representations of character. Among these was one death scene which was superior to any thing of the kind that we have ever seen enacted on the stage. One would think, to see him in these characters, that he had been connected with the drama the most of his life; whereas, he never stepped upon "the boards" nor entered a "green room" in his life.

Taking the performances of those two evenings together, they presented enough of spiritual phenomena to convince a whole army of the hardest headed skeptics, if they all happened to be honest enough to confess their convictions.

Quality of Spiritual Communications.

The would-be-thought learned literary critic amuses himself much by pointing out the imperfections of spiritual literature. What, says he, will you attempt to palm this communication upon me as having come from EMANUEL SWENDBERG? Why, the style is no more like SWENDBERG's than it is like BEN KETTER's.

What is style? It is supposed to be some personal peculiarity in handling those vehicles, by means of which ideas are conveyed from mind to mind. It is supposed to be perceptible in the combination of the words of a language into phrases and sentences. Here arises a question which learned men will probably find it difficult to settle, but which small critics can dispose of without any trouble. It is this: Can this thing called style, which characterizes the writings of an author, so as to enable his readers to identify his productions, be transmitted from one language to another, the idiomatic structures of which are radically different? And can he who has been accustomed to read the writings of an author, in the original language, recognize an article of his in another language, which article he has never seen in the original? If these questions may be answered in the affirmative, there is a bare possibility that he who is a good Latin and English scholar, may discover in SWENDBERG's present English, the style which was observable in his Latin of another century. But it is our opinion that style cannot be thus transmitted, so as to be recognized in a foreign language. But even if it could, how, in the name of wonder, do those little poltroons who wiggle themselves along on the surface of English literature, never having made the acquaintance of the Latin language, manage to decide so promptly that the communications purporting to come from SWENDBERG, through Dr.

DEXTER, differ widely in style from his writings in the flesh, which were exclusively in Latin?

Again, what does it prove, if the communicating spirit which subscribes himself EMANUEL SWENDBERG, be not SWENDBERG? Does it prove that he is nobody—that he is not a spirit? Is that fact any thing for a skeptic to hang an argument upon, that the spirits do not communicate with mortals? If so, then the politician who writes a political article and appends to it the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON, DANIEL WEBSTER or HENRY CLAY, is not a human being. He has no existence. The fact that spirits can and do communicate, will account for what would be otherwise unaccountable. It accounts for the fact that many things are published in journals otherwise ably conducted, that would put an editor to the blush if he were accused of producing.

Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons, sisters and brothers, receive messages of love from deceased friends who had little or no literary abilities while in the flesh, and who have not therein made any improvement since. These messages, though couched in simple phrase, and not garnished with literary tinsel, are invaluable treasures to the hearts of those surviving friends who know that they come warm from the affections of their dear departed ones; and it affords them exquisite pleasure to see them in print. Sometimes they come in uncouth rhymes, which are laughed at by seers for not being a high order of poetry. The author is, probably, the spirit of a child, or of an illiterate adult, who does not now know the difference between elevated poetry and commonplace doggerel. Yet they are choice morsels to surviving friends. We can see, and are ready to acknowledge, the want of high poetical genius in such productions; and if they came from spirits in the flesh, we should promptly reject them. But, coming as they do, from innocent, simple and loving minds that have passed into the second state of existence, we feel a disposition to let them be heard and to gratify their surviving friends.

As respects the great names which are so frequently appended to spiritual communications, whether prose or rhyme, we see no reason why an ex-carnate contributor should not have the privilege of using an assumed or fictitious name, as well as those who have fingers of bone and muscle. Nor do we feel under any more obligation to believe that a communicating spirit is the identical spirit whose signature he uses, than we are to believe that the corporeal contributor to the columns of a newspaper, is the venerable author of the Declaration of Independence, because he subscribes himself "JEFFERSON."

Buffalo Spiritual Conference.

On Sabbath last, we had two able lectures from O. S. LEVITT, Esq. We were sorry that the hall was not better filled, for the lectures, though not in accordance with the sentiments of many, were interesting and instructive.—There were two reasons why the hall was not filled as it usually is: The first was, that no lectures were expected on that day, and the notice in our paper was not seen as generally as it would have been if we had gone to press at our usual hour. The second was, that it rained during the whole afternoon hour of going to church, so that there were but two or three ladies present, and not half the usual number of gentlemen.

Let it be borne in mind that we are to have Rev. C. HAMMOND to lecture on Sunday next, forenoon, and afternoon.

Lecture No. 13.—By Stephen R. Smith.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

As man is the ultimate production of a Divine Being, so must he be controlled by the principles belonging to all creative things. Man has an imperfect mental as well physical organization: hence his actions must be characterized by the incompleteness of his inner and outer construction. The soul desires the pure and holy teachings and influences of the invisible world of thought and wisdom, whilst the physical organization seeks the attractions of imperfect nature. Thus we see there are too separate and distinct elements brought into conjunction by the various laws and powers of development, in the construction of man, rendering his being incomplete and unenlightened. But with all this incompleteness of human nature, the unenlightened intuition of the mind becomes inspired by active thought and contemplation, to know more of the soul's endless existence; and when the primary teachings produce a crude and undefined faith, the logical faculties begin to unfold and are exercised upon all scientific and ethical themes of thought. The dark forebodings which superstition has thrown over the speculations of the human mind, concerning the truths and probabilities of another world, are rapidly passing away, while each individual mind, if it think independently and legitimately upon the vast subject of a perfect superior power, would conceive in his mind a being fashioned like himself, only surpassing him in perfections.

Each mind has a home and a God, somewhere in the regions of invisible creation, which corresponds with his own spiritual attributes, but are much more perfect. We may take the minds of any nation, whether it may be a heathen or a civilized nation, and we will find that each mind has a prototype God, whom it worships. The free and unsophisticated Indian becomes overwhelmed with love and gratitude in his wild sequestered haunts, as he meditates upon the wonders of the Great Spirit. His reasonings are of nature, full of beauty and diversity, and he reverences the Great Spirit as a Being whose demonstrations

in nature are ever powerful and enduring, while he gives full hope to the untrammelled feelings of his native or interior being. The African, though his mind is feeble and does not stand upon an equality with the European or American mind, feels within, the divinity of its independent faculties, and has a God imaged upon its inner nature, in exact correspondence with itself. The Pagan has his idol God; and according to the state of his own individual mind, will be the God of the Pagan; the difference consisting only in the magnitude and power of a God—not in the character of such a Being. Thus might we traverse on, noting the peculiarities of each nation or general or individual mind; but these truths and examples are manifested hourly before you, and you can learn, from the open page of nature, the laws of God and their effect upon the human mind. The teachings of men, which are now woven into creeds, always bear an impress of the character and virtues of those men; and so it is with all teachings. The teachings which spontaneously flow from immortal minds, are a full and perfect representation of the developments and purity of spirit. They teach you to learn and advance towards truth and goodness, and open to you the broad avenues of knowledge, that you may inculcate the true principles of nature and your own being.

There is a principle of the nature of the spirit, which is of itself capable to generate noble aspirations in the soul of the most illiterate and degraded; and this principle impels the crudest mind to seek for higher comprehensions and understandings. Spirits have no object in returning to your home, if it be not to teach the human soul that gentleness and kindness of heart, which lies buried beneath those cares and disappointments of life. The incompleteness of human existence is rendered still more incomplete, by the failure of mind to understand the true object and mission of the spirit on earth. Spirits come to you to infuse into your souls loftier comprehensions which may absorb those outward influences which are so often felt within the human heart. They come to show forth the evidences of harmony and love which characterize their existence, and establish the same harmonic principle upon earth. They come to soften and beautify the rugged parts of the soul, by the constant action and operation of the laws of God upon the spiritual nature, thereby making your life more beautiful and glorious. The sympathetic soul cannot but derive joy and happiness from the knowledge that it will positively meet with the loved ones who have gone to their eternal home a little while before. In the spirit land, the reflex of thought is met and stands distinct upon each contemplation. The spirit realizes its own attributes—it drives its own progressives from its development, and is ever manifesting its freedom and liberty by an independent and individualized manifestation of its power to think and act. This is an object they desire to accomplish upon earth, that man shall have the same disposition and ability to manifest the pure and free indications of his real nature, and not use the strongest efforts to conceal the emotions of the soul, thus causing other minds to become deceived as to the actual goodness and wisdom you possess.

Let us suppose that man was only created to live and enjoy an earthly life: how many would there be who would strive to render their lives happy by contributing to the happiness of others? The number would be less than at the present age, who could wish to be happy and make others so, because then the soul would say I have no God to whom the demands of my nature must call for nourishment; nor must my inner voice respond to the calling of nature. There would then be no fear or love of God or of heaven; for the soul would become nothing while the cold sepulchre of death would be the spot to receive the moans and tears of many thousand bleeding hearts. This feeble teaching would but make the world colder, and death would be feared, while the death bed would reek beneath the body as it fought for a continuance of life, knowing that both soul and body must be resolved into the element of external nature. Then let us suppose there is a Heaven and a Hell. What is the effect of this teaching upon the mind and happiness of humanity? Mind would throw off its responsibility upon the ministers of this doctrine, by sinning and then seeking repentance at the sacred altar of holy worship, while beneath all their repenting sentiments, there would exist an evil design. Such a soul, then, would find a home in heaven, while the free thinking mind must writhe in endless agony or torment. The effect of such a doctrine upon the mind is this: It trammels the natural exercise of free thought; and the latent properties of mind are not evolved by the principle that should develop and refine every spirit, and in its primary state, it would not learn the fundamental principles of its eternal existence. Hence its primary lessons would be those of material gratification, rather than spiritual elevation; and it would be folly to attempt to estimate the number that must be sent to perdition, according to such a mythological fallacy or doctrine. Let us now take the truth. Let us speak of the spirit world as it is, and of the spirit as it loudly calls for liberty, while the chains of mental slavery are clanking upon the broad field of humanity. Of what value are the teachings of the immortal mind, if they are not to control the acts of men in their daily routine? Spiritual intercourse, though now an embryo, emanated not from the same womb that has given birth to the infidelity that is so fearfully spreading over your nations; nor is it a misdirection of the past; but it has come from God. It is the rudimentary and fundamental principle of creation, and cannot fail to purify and better the souls of men. The enemies of freedom, both

on earth and in the spirit land, are rejoicing at the corruption and discord which is presented to the mind; and can you wonder at this when most of you are making the already broad field of inquiry longer and longer by every wrong thought and action? Nay, we wonder not at this frailty of incomplete existence, and therefore we come to bear to you the true word of God, that you may earnestly strive to live a pure life, and find such an one in heaven. Stern duties call us back to you, and while we bring to you truths as pure and loving as heaven can give, so do we constantly give utterance to every thought, and progress upward and onward to God. We stand, in our individuality, free, but bound by the ties of eternity to the infinite Source of Truth. The heart may sigh for the truth; but when it comes like joy from heaven and conflicts with primary lessons of religion, it is rejected; but it can never be made false.

You have gone along thus far boldly towards heaven. Every hour brings you nearer your eternal birth; and have you lost no time in your search for the truth? Have you developed in yourselves the capacities to do good, that you may be able to disseminate those attributes for the good of others? Stand on the high mount of wisdom and truth and throw away those selfish facilities that have long been fostered and cherished by men. They have been effective in enthralling man and chaining him in subjection to the will of his fellow man. This is an arbitrary power, and its influence upon the weak intellect is fearful. It has stolen into the world of freedom of thought, and has mingled its false influence with the pure essence that might arise in heavenly fragrance, and united its jarring notes with the proud song of liberty and justice. Believe our teachings. Let them control your every act; for their effect upon your souls will be eternal and beautiful.

In haste, yours,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture by the Spirit of Fanny Forrester.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS."

In my Father's house there are many mansions, which demonstrate the Great Divinity that breathes throughout the celestial realm the element of universal and joyful joy—a principle of eternal attraction and never-changing happiness. In these "many mansions" the soul is emancipated from the slavery of the world, and is introduced into the glorious liberty of unchangeable principles, to enjoy the divine life of an immortal nature, which exists forever and forever. These "many mansions" are glowing with unending beauties. They are brilliant with innumerable varieties of society, from which, like bright waters, flow forth eternal manifestations of harmony and peace. The spirits inhale the fragrance of the living types of the love and mercy of God, as they grow upon the margin of the Infinite ocean, fanned by the gentle winds from across its vast and mighty bosom. There is no disarrangement in the creations of those countless worlds, governed by the great laws of nature; for upon these laws their permanency and existence depend.

In the many mansions of my Father's house there is no change of the outward world in which the mental construction is developed; but the world of thought is constantly changing from the perpetual unfolding of unfinned thought, into higher abstractions of spirit activity. A wish breathed forth by the undeveloped soul, needs not words to give it wing, nor a sweetly sounding voice to give it utterance; but, by a finer language, that wish is conveyed to its destination; its powerful impulse appeals to the higher spirit for assistance, and the voice of the inner being responds to the desires of the darkened soul, by the natural law of love and harmony.

The pure, tender offspring may be higher than the spirit of its gentle mother; yet it requires but a look, and that little being can read the prayer of her earnest soul; and what language is more powerful than that of the soul, when it speaks every thought and desire. The soul prays. It prays to become better; and every prayer yields to the influence of the prayers of higher minds. The leaf and flower seek their proper and natural aliment from the richness of the soil; and this is prayer, for it is the deep voice of creation addressed to its Creator. Every thing has its prayer. The voice may not be heard; for many objects of creation are not dependent upon the muscles and functions of a physical nature for the intonations of voice; but the voice of nature, dependent upon its Creator for utterance, is speaking forth a prayer in all creations, in every step of advanced development. There is a unity of soul made manifest in all the mansions of the spirit land; for there is a Being who can save the spirit from earth's discordant jars, when the vile breath of injustice has poisoned, at the very fountain head, the flow of all interior activity. Yes there is a God, a Great Creator, from which the principle of nature emanate, and grow stronger and are diffused through new creations continually, conveying forth to prove the identity of an eternal existence somewhere in the vast domain of visible and invisible creation.

Look through your own limited universe and let us what evidence have you, in the manifestations of the various departments of nature, of an invisible power. What principles are silently working in these creations which awaken, within your own soul, the very same power and emotions that, from nature, belong to the mightiest and minutest properties and atoms of existence? What evidence have you of a God or of a constant positive Cause, when you contemplate the silent forces of nature?

They not only prove the identity of life and intelligence in man, but that, beneath your own soul, there are living creatures manifesting the elements of life and intelligence, and even coming up from their dark abiding place, to receive the light and nourishment of nature. In the deep and almost immeasurable ocean, there are, beneath its mighty waves, creations manifesting life and intelligence; for out of the simple grain of sand they will elaborate mighty rocks, and, out of the simple pebble they will evolve types of nature which delight the human eye and call forth the deep admiration of the soul.

What power is it that can sustain life, human life, beneath an immense body of water, or can sustain the life of creatures when imbedded in the bosom of earth? What forces and causes produce such a harmony of effects? The causes are invisible, but the effects are perceptible to the outer vision. Why are there so many demonstrations of causes, while the effects produced seem entirely different? Because nature must have, in every department, its varieties to fill up or constitute its perfect completeness. Nature must have its adapted uses in these innumerable creations, for the atmosphere becomes dense and impure, and this department requires some power to absorb the grosser elements of the air you inhale, and convey them to their proper position in creation. Thus you see the insects and living creatures you are constantly crushing beneath your own feet, are as necessary to your existence as are the elements of your outward organization; for, without them, the surrounding element of your being would be constantly collecting grosser particles of atomic creation, while the unrefined element of life might be greater than you require; hence in such a condition of nature, you could not live. Nature must have its absorbents, to separate the refined elements of human life from the grosser elements. Thus we can perceive that all and every creation in nature, is adapted to its proper use by these lower and grosser manifestations of life and intelligence.

How truly it is said, "in my Father's house there are many mansions"; for every creation you behold in the departments of nature, has its relation to the higher spiritual mansion, where they may work in grandeur and perfect harmony. In these many mansions, the great law of love is showing forth itself in their manifestations of regard for the refinement and elevation of one another, and in the suppression of that self element which casts a dark cloud over the human soul. In the floral department of nature, you deeply admire the harmony and unity of those beautiful beings, and extract from them the inward nourishment, to satisfy your own desires. In the humblest shrub the same principle exists, and so on, in all other creations. These beauties of nature are not engraved upon the grains of sand on the ocean's shore, but are written upon the bright bosom of nature, by an Almighty hand.

When the spring time appears, how fondly do we await the coming of those beauties and glories formed alone in the floral department of creation, and how many forms do we see tripping lightly over hill and dale, over rock and stream, to gather the flowers which the spring season ushers forth from their long confinement? And though they may hide themselves in the deep shade of the forest, yet the human eye traces out their hiding place, and prizes them as objects of good, being loved both for their native beauty and innate virtues. Yet how beautifully glorious would be the warm beating heart, if when, in the spring time of life, as it chases some bright hope over the rugged way of an uncertain future, it would confine itself to the real and present, enjoying the flowers of life as their fragrance falls upon the inward musing of cheerfulness and peace. Contentment is the most beautiful flower found in the floral department of the human heart; for as its petals open to receive the refreshing dew drops of affection and sympathy, it blooms far more beautifully than when surrounded by the last lovely flowers of nature. It might be unenlightened and crude, if not fostered by a gentle influence and planted in congenial soil. Then let the interior gardener of human nature, cultivate the flowers of the heart, and they will triumphantly bloom amid the elements of outward nature. There is no flower in nature or in the human heart but what God is in it. Every day and hour should add to the progression of your spiritual and intellectual faculties; for where the thought is broken up in the heart, for want of refinement, and gives no utterance, how shall you know and appreciate one another? O, strive to cultivate your spiritual attributes, that you may understand the human heart; for you know that its impulses are strange and wrong at times, till that interior prompter bids it be silent and learn the true source of justice and enjoyment. Be free and happy and contemplate the glorious future, where, in your Father's house there is a mansion prepared for all objects of his love and mercy.

I am yours,

FANNY FORRESTER.

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From the Star in the West. An Address.

BY J. B. FERGUSON, OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

[MR. QUINCY.—Allow me to trespass on your kindly consideration, by laying the following Address upon the privileges of spirit intercourse, before your readers. I present it to you just as it was written, without a break, and so far as I am able to judge, without one personal or partisan consideration. It grows out of my most matured convictions, and makes its appeal to those of all parties who desire to be true to themselves, and to God over all.—J. B. F.]

PRAYER.

All-helping Spirit, aid me to think clearly and speak impressively to these, Thy creatures. One humble power of Thought, with its immortal instincts, we would turn to Thee. Our knowledge is very limited; our judgment imperfect; our love grow cold, and our hearts harden in selfishness; while our feet often wander in the thorny paths of wrong-doing and sorrow. Give us the wings of faith and pure desire, that we may, for this hour, at least, fly away from the perplexities of weak and misguided judgment; the oppression of care, and the heart-stings of unworthy affections and fears. How wide, O God! the gulf between the clear skies of Thy unfailing love, and the low, dark clouds of our ignorance and the benighted places of our gross indulgences! But Thou dost pity and help us, as our souls bear testimony every day. Thy beneficent smile, spread o'er the face of Nature, gives rays of light to our dark pathway, and the inspirations of Thy good Spirit warm our hearts to love and adoration. Unceasingly we must commit ourselves and our interests to Thy guiding wisdom, hopefully trusting that we shall be taught that truth which shall never die; gain that treasure that shall never corrupt; secure that faith that shall always deliver, and that delight, angelic, that shall illumine the gateway of death with hope eternal! O, fit us for the heavenly light and life. May we feel the impulses of immortal souls, and anticipate, with satisfying foretastes, the welcome and bliss of our future home. Bless us with desire and power to bless others, in both word and deed! May we feel poor with Thy poor, lonely with Thy orphans, sorrowful with Thy cast down and disconsolate ones, that we may be elevated together. May sickness, distress and misery find us ever ready to minister, both with our sympathy and substance. May our lives be more consistent than our words can possibly be, and become reasons of practical devotion to duty and praise. And in the inner depths of our souls may we feel Thy peace, so pure, so full, that we may triumphantly pass, amid all conflict, to that glorious Heaven to which Thou hast lifted our purest desires and holiest anticipations; and to Thee, ever-blessed Father, be the glory eternal—AMEN.

And now, having prayed, we have sincerely faith in ourselves, our fellows, or in our God, to proceed. The chilly influences of the cold and selfish controversies of the religious leaders of the people, incapacitate us to speak with living power and to hear with meditative and inspiring interest. They have suppressed Thought, and the suppression of Thought is the most deadly impediment possible to the human mind; it is the heresy of heresies, and the atheism of the church. By thought we are elevated above the brute; take our appointed rank in the scale of accountable beings; gain the agencies by which to purify our grossness and ally ourselves to all Christ-like intelligences and God-like purposes. It is the talisman of power to the human soul, and only in its free exercise can it be loving and helpful amid the trials of a frail humanity. It alone can make Truth our own conviction, duty our personal choice, holiness our Heaven and our desire and delight; for it is the medium alike for all earthly and heavenly influences upon rational intelligences; for all earthly, as the negative basis upon which, and in which, the pure positive power of God may operate to secure our refinement and progress, and the advancement of the world. Let us charitably hear, then, that we may judge justly and act considerably towards all the influences and persons with which we have our discipline.

There is a very current, and, in many circles of society, a somewhat popular idea, that all light upon man's spiritual or immortal relations, was made to shine in the past ages of human history, and that it is alike irrelevant and preposterous to seek further knowledge or confirmation in the higher developments of mind and triumphs of knowledge that have marked succeeding, and characterize the present generations. We esteem this idea as the offspring of a false, not to say idolatrous, reverence of the past, tending to enslave and degrade human nature, and corrupt the native birth-right and holiest privileges of the soul: the birth-right of Thought, and the privilege of forming our convictions according to the light we enjoy from the ever-unfolding and eternal sources of wisdom and help in God. The idea is predicated upon an absurdity. It is, that the nature of God is changeable. For if God be the same, and his purpose without variation, then it cannot be possible that one mind in one age can arrive at the knowledge of Truth, and another mind be denied the privilege. In other words: what is possible to one mind, under the same conditions, is possible to all. If, therefore, God is the same, and the human mind the same, no discovery of Truth, possible to one age, can be rendered impossible to another. Every attainment, therefore, gained by Prophet or Philosopher, is but a revelation of a possibility to any mind equally true to its nature and privileges. Beside, the opposite idea, would make God a respecter of persons and people, and thus give foundation for all the

partial, passionate and revengeful character ascribed to him by the childish systems of Hebraism, and the sectarian controversies and creeds of Christendom, which the enlightened votaries of each can never believe to be true, and which the enslaved receive more with fear, than hope or faith.

Again: The idea that all religious truth is confined to the past age, and that all we have to do is to memorize and interpret, (or, if I might speak from the practical effects of that interpretation, I would say) or quarrel over that truth and its application, is founded upon a mistaken view of Truth itself. It supposes that Truth can be mapped and bounded—can be limited if not exhausted. It is the common mistake in childish life, when we imagine, our home the universe, our parents and friends the greatest of mankind, and our interests and pleasures the full measure of the purposes of God. It is pardonable in a child—is evidently necessary for his dangerous and disciplinary stages of progress; but here, as in all things, we should seek a state of Thought and Piety in which to dispense with childish things. Truth never was exhausted—never was made less. The spiritual relationships of man are infinite, because they connect us with God, who is connected with all. We cannot embrace the idea of one God, without being compelled to this thought, and hence the knowledge of God is the eternal life of the soul, for it connects it with all life, and its progress consists in finding, using and enjoying that connection. Whoever made a truth less by stating it, or applying it? The estimate of it may have been made less, as in the vain attempts to circumscribe all truth in a creed, but the exhaustless fountain flows on, and as it flows forever will flow on; for its source is in God, the All of Truth, to whom we are connected, as we are assimilated more and more to his nature and perfections. We may discover truth, but we cannot make it. We may apply it in exquisite and beautiful skill; but we can never exhaust it. And every man being born with an immortal nature as a semblance of his God, is born with immortal instincts for God's truth; and only as he sees and uses it for himself, is he happy, hopeful or man-like. He, for himself, and not for another, has his God to find and adore; the Christ-like spirit, or anointing of that God to enjoy and increase, and the endless chain that binds him to the spiritual universe to discover and brighten. This I know, though once I knew it not; but the knowledge I cannot directly impart; for no one could impart it to me, as my experience, however blissful it may have been as theirs; but I can state it, after the manner of the ancient Prophets and Apostles, or after what I am permitted to call my own. Here is the place for the testimony of experience, and this can never be surrounded. We may become false to it, for Judas betrayed his Christ when he betrayed his brother, and every religious persecutor does the same; whether consciously or unconsciously, depends upon his degree of opened soul, or his attainment in the stature of truth. Truth is immortal—not as a figure of speech, a beauty of poetry—but in its nature immortal. It knows no diminution, no corruption, no perversion, no death. We may diminish ourselves in its knowledge and power; we may pervert and enslave our faculties to discover, receive and enjoy truth; we may corrupt our minds and hearts so that they almost or quite cease to reflect it. In a word, we may degenerate to the dull, sensual plane of bruteism and seek to hallow it by the holy name of Christ and God, or Humanity and Heaven; but God and Truth remain the same, and we never come to enjoy either until we become true to ourselves and the Truth-like, Godlike impulse of Divinity we bear. Sacred and inviolate, like the pure sky above us, it lives; and though clouds may hide it from our eyes, it hides it not from itself. As men become more true to themselves, to the nature they inherit, to the universe of which they form a part, they ascend in harmony with its eternal laws, and behold what men less true idolatrously worship, or distastefully blaspheme, or fight over.

Truth is the same in nature, though infinite in the degree of its reflections. Mathematics is the same in its nature; but how wide the degree of its reflections in the negro, who cannot tell the number of his fingers, and La'Place, who calculates the loss of the stars; and yet who would compare either to the mathematics of God? Music is the same in the lonely murmuring of the forest brook and in the anthem of Beethoven; yet who could ever rationally think of music as exhausted in its sweet melodies and enrapturing harmony. Poetry is the same in the rude ballad of the Druid bard and the lofty conceptions that flow through Harris; but eternity will never exhaust its power to move and elevate. Philosophy is the same in the Mexican, who fabricates the wheels of his cart from the bark of the elm, and in the sublime reasoning of Davis; but its field is the universe, and its lessons are for all time. So Jesus, and every spiritually illuminated soul, declares truth, but does not exhaust it—performs many wonderful and loving works; but ever promises in that very performance, that his disciples shall do greater.

We reverence the past, then, because it reveals the links in the chain of an eternal Providence; but we use the present as our day, that the chain be neither buried nor broken; for we too live, move and have our being in God, as well as they who have passed through the earthly life, and our day will answer for us as well as it will for them, according to their fidelity and devotion.

Now these truths are so simple, so self-evident, that we wonder that they should ever be questioned; but we do not wonder at the terrible results that inevitable follow wherever they are disregarded. Dark and fearful despotism in government; furious and bitter scoring and

persecution in churches; frowning and hideous superstitions in religion; families separated; knowledge despised; science neglected; and the earth mourning beneath the inhabitants thereof, who deliver the assassin and crucify the Saviour, are the dread issues of a prostration of reason, and a disregard of the eternal privileges it secures. But, perhaps, it would be well to note some of the common appeals by which it is justified.

Because the Bible contains many divine disclosures, and is made the foundation of much that is good and indispensable in human society, therefore, a very plausible appeal is made to popular prejudices in opposition to every disclosure upon man's moral and spiritual relations, as if it would subvert the morality and religion man instinctively regards. But this appeal presumes upon an unwarrantable ignorance, and thus shows itself more fatal to the good order of society and the elevation of man, than any perversion of a real privilege can possibly be. We have need only to ask: Has not every discovery in science and skill in the arts been condemned by the very men who were enjoying their advantages, under the influence of the blind bigotry and slavish reverence of those who were the professed exponents of Bibles and records? Is the Bible, then, opposed to knowledge? Does it fear the light? Can a communication from God be endangered by spreading it before the world? Is man capable of judging for himself?—and if not, who are they who presume to judge for him? What lineage do they bear that gives the right to lord it over the conscience of their fellows? Are they not men of like passions and frailties with their kind? Let their history and present position answer.

But, in answering this last question, we probe this difficulty to its core. We extend the question and ask, whence came this Biblical record? What favored ages in human history does it cover? What are the sublime and heavenly practices that characterized its heroes? Were they men or gods? Or, if more under the influence of truth than others, was it not because they were more true?—more true to themselves and their God?—that is, more true to the same minds we bear, the same universe we live in, the same God over and in us all.

Let us open the Book and see; for we have studied it from our childhood. It tells us that man was created perfect; that he fell, and the vast majority of its devotees say so, as if to involve himself and all his descendants in a depravity of nature that exposes him to all the ills of the present life, and to the pains of endless torture in the life to come. Here we ask, can nature be depraved? Character may be, but how can God's own nature, which man is represented to have received by Divine inheritance, be depraved? Can you corrupt the Deity? This is like corrupting or exhausting truth! But farther: the evil degenerates; God grieves that he created it, destroys it with a flood only to make its condition hopelessly worse in the hell beyond, and saves one man and his family. We would expect that this man would be pure, and better fulfill the ends of creation that seems, upon a first experiment, to have failed. But what does the sequel prove? He worships it, it is true; but lies down into drunkenness and obscenity, and rises up to curse the child that laughs at his folly!

But do you tell me that he is not a good example? I answer, is Abraham, denying the wife of his bosom and repeating the denial? Is Jacob, wrenching the paternal blessing from a tender and starving brother by deceiving a blind father? Are Judah and his brethren, in their envy of Joseph and his sale to the traffickers in human flesh of those days?

Or is Moses the object of your admiration; for he, as the others, is worthy on many accounts. Behold him, like a thief in the night, casting his eyes before and behind, and then slaying the Egyptian. Perhaps David, whom the record says, "was a man after God's own heart," is free from the mortal taint. Read the 109th Psalm, and answer to your own conscience and to your God. He prays that his enemy may be condemned when judged; that the iniquity of his father and the sin of his mother may not be forgotten; that his innocent wife may be a widow and his unoffending children beggars; that an executioner may catch his goods; that his posterity may be blotted out; and that God may never forgive him! Now contrast this with a descendant of his, who lived a God among such men, who, in the agonies of a shameless crucifixion, prays for his God to forgive the vilest of enemies; for, says he, "they know not what they do." Would Noah, or Abraham, or Moses, or David have desired their enemies with them in Paradise, as Jesus promised one of the vilest of mankind?

But why refer to these facts? It is to show that the moral frailty to which you and your kind are subject, belonged to the men who wrote and who are biographically sketched in your Bible. Divine truth is in it, we do not deny, but rejoice to believe and prove upon all fitting occasions. But human creed is equally manifest, and its shadow is cast in the selfishness, bigotry and cruelty of the present age. The Bible, Patriarchs, and Apostles, delivered truth in exact proportion as they were true. You do the same. Where they failed, we should not fail, and where they attained to spiritual knowledge, peace and joy, we may attain and glorify the same exhaustless Providence that made John the Baptist superior to Moses and the Prophets, and who, through Jesus, in word and deed, reveals the truth, "that the least in the kingdom of Heaven may be greater than John."

Are we true to our nature, discipline, opportunities and privileges? If so, what is our hope? Is it built upon a record that covers a period of some five thousand years, and fragments at that—that has been handed down from generation to generation without the

facilities for printing and preserving that you possess—that has been collected, altered, added to and subtracted from, according to ambitious monarchs and corrupted priests, who have felt inclined or believed would best subserve their interests?—a record appealed to, to substantiate the claims of every conflicting sect, from the Romanist to the Mormon? Or do you build your hopes upon the cultivation of your own nature by its aid and all other aid, and if so, do you not commune with the immortal friends that have gone before, as did Abraham, Moses, John, and all the prophets whose authority you have so blindly revered? This is the question. If with all their faults and frailties they communed with the spiritual world, how claim you to be their disciples, while, I would hope, with less impunity, you know not the end of your earthly pilgrimage, and deny the possibility knowing. If God is the same—if the human mind is the same—if the ancients, who, with their faults recorded, enjoyed this privilege, why do you not enjoy it?

I testify, then, in common with hundreds and thousands of this age, that the privilege still exists, and its advantages, like the advantages of every privilege in nature, depends upon our faithfulness to ourselves, to our nature and to God. Its purposes and ends need not be stated, for they would not be believed, except as we come to appreciate and enjoy this natural birth-right and indestructible prerogative of every human being.

But am I told, we have never seen ministering spirits, and our ears are never saluted by their heavenly voices? I answer: have you ever seen God, or Christ, or the Prophets? And is sight the measure of human knowledge and bliss? Do you deny the existence of an ocean, because you cannot see it? Does the reality of blindness or limited vision destroy the light of Heaven and the glory of God? And so every objection you urge—and you ought to urge them to yourselves, at least—will but reveal the solemnity and power of that greatest of all truths, that in the exact proportion in which we are faithful to ourselves and the God-like faculties we possess, God, and Heaven, and heavenly influences find their reflection in us.

If we believe, then, let us speak—if we believe not, our own darkness condemns us, and, in every serious hour, the immortal instincts of our nature will seek for Light.

And so our life will flow From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream. In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure Shall yet be mirrored; then when shapes of ill Shall hover round its surface, it shall glide in Light, And take no shadow from them!"

The Poor Maiden's Contribution.

"During the years 1813, 1814 and 1815, when Prussia had collected all her resources, in the hope of freeing herself from the yoke which France had laid upon her, the most extraordinary feelings of patriotism burst forth. Every thought was centered in the struggle; every effort was drained; all gave willingly. In town and village altars were erected, on which ornaments of gold, silver and precious stones were offered up. Massive plate was replaced in palaces by dishes, and platters and spoons of wood. Ladies wore no other ornaments than those made of iron, upon which was engraved: 'We gave gold for the freedom of our country; and, like her, wear an iron yoke.' One evening, a party had assembled in the house of an inhabitant of Breslau. Among them was a beautiful though poor maiden. Her companions were boasting what each had contributed towards the freedom of their country. 'Alas she had no offering to proclaim—none to give. With a heavy heart she took her leave. While unrobing for the night, she thought she could dispose of her hair, and so add to the public fund. With the dawn she went to a hairdresser's, related her simple tale, and parted with her tresses for a trifling sum, which she instantly deposited on an altar, and returned to her quiet home. This reached the ears of the officers appointed each day to collect the various offerings; and the president received a confirmation from the hairdresser, who proposed to resign the beautiful hair, provided it was resold for the benefit of the fatherland. The offer was accepted; iron rings were made, each containing a portion of hair; and these produced far more than their weight in gold."

Danger Idleness.

It is no over-statement to say, that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is, in the least danger from inferior temptations; for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the tastes and temperaments of his prey, but the idler he said pleases him most, because he bit the naked hook.—Woman's Advocate.

Silent Influence.

It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet that glides through the meadows, and which runs along day and night, by the farm-house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warping cataraet. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God, as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or would, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow,

and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty to the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, to the husband, the wife, the father, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done.—Rev. Albert Barnes.

Knowledge.

How beautiful and exalted are the following sentiments of De Wit Clinton: "Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity and power pagan; but knowledge is a ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spurs no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, encircles the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, ascends to the sublime! no place too remote for its grasp, no heaven too exalted for its reach!"

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